

Abandoned

by IWantToBeADragon

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Summary: I was beaten, tortured, abused. I befriended the enemy for comfort as a young girl, and now, we have left. My mother took it too far this time. I hate you all. Good riddance. That's when I crashed into a place that helped me. Berk. I was treated kindly there, and had a successful life. But the past will always come back to haunt me. Rated T for abuse, slight language and violence.

## 1. Chapter 1

\*\*Ok, everyone, here is another story, but I warn you. This and maybe the first few chapters are going to be dark and twisted. Abuse, verbal abuse, physical abuse and one heck of a dark mind for a child so young. You have been warned (btw I don't own HTTYD)\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>"Well? Get up you worthless brat!" A woman called to a young girl who she had just beaten into the corner of the house. She was curled up, crying. "I SAID GET UP YOU WORTHLESS LITTLE PIECE OF CRAP! WHAT KIND OF EXCUSE FOR A DAUGHTER ARE YOU? GET UP, AND I MEAN NOW!" The young woman yelled at the child who was crying even harder now.<p>

"Then let's make you get up" she said darkly, taking out a wood board, and bashed her daughters leg time, and time again. She bashed until it was just a mangled piece of flesh and broken bones. She was screeching in pain. She had been tortured by her mother before, but never this bad. Starflight couldn't take it anymore. She pulled harder then she ever had a the chains the girls mother had bound her in when she found out about her, and they snapped. She bounded into the house using her tail to whack the mother into the wall, knocking her out. She helped the girl onto the saddle, and they quickly trotted up to the girls room.

She was still crying from the pain, but it had faded. A little. She

picked up her leather basket (she had been made fun of for making such thing as a leather basket [A/N this was similar to a backpack that we wear today]) and placed the important stuff in there. Two changes of clothes, two fur blankets, extra leather to fix the saddle, five journals and two charcoal pencils. The last two things she picked up where a small fortune she had made with her sewing skills and a small silver dragon necklace that was important to her. She put the bag of money (which somehow happened to be quite tiny for a small fortune) on her belt and the necklace around her neck. Starflight bounded down the stairs and out the door and took off into the night sky.

Starflight was a Night Fury who was deep deep purple with small white spots on her wings like stars (she is slightly smaller than Toothless). The girl had jetblack hair that went down to her waist pulled back in a braid. She had a dark gray tunic and a light brown torn skirt. Her legging were in a condition that you might as well call them rags. She had a small pouch on her belt that wasn't from the money that she kept winkles in (winkles are a dragon treat) and a small amount of wrapped up dragon nip. The leg was torn and mangled, it would have to be amputated. Tears streaming down her face, they made the small white scars on her face glisten. They were from whip beatings by her mother.

That was the day she had had enough of torture, enough of abuse, and the day she changed her life forever. They were flying straight, to who knows where, then they got caught in a storm. It was a wild, terrible storm. They were at least making progress until they got pulled into a water spout that they had spotted to late. They where pulled into the water spout, then spat out the other side, being flung into a forest, hitting the ground and blacking out.

The girl woke up groggily to someone nudging her. She looked up to see Starflight there, elated that she had woken up "Hey girl" she said dizzily, her leg hurt like Hel and she had to guess it was gone. She wasn't too surprised, she had been expecting it from the condition it was in. She peeled back the covers to find a metal contraption in place of her right leg from an inch below the knee down. She scowled a bit, a little less leg left then she expected, but at least she had her knee. she got up, not even hissing from the pain shooting up her leg. She had been through worse. She opened the doors to find a village inhabited by dragons. She was a little surprised, to say the least. She had seen this coming if they had let Starflight inside the house. She had found her stuff next to the bed, and they where lucky they didn't touch the necklace, or they wouldn't have left with their lives.

She looked around, trying to see if there was somewhere she could find out where she was. She didn't even flinch when a sudden black blur shot up next to her. Another Night Fury landed next to her, and a young adult male climbed off the top of it (A/N HTTYD2 ya dummies). She didn't even look at him, as she still didn't trust people. At all. "What do you want" she said sharply. He hesitated to approach "I was just checking if you needed anything or if you needed a place to stay" he answered, obviously nervous. "I'll be fine. I've taken care of myself from scrap and I don't see a need for a place to stay" she said just as sharply as before. She walked down the winding path into the village to look around.

She looked around a bit, and before long, had headed to the dragons

games arena, where a game was taking place. She watched as a young blond flipped from a Zippleback onto a Nadder holding a sheep. She could easily list the faults in the maneuver. She stood on the top row, two away from where anyone was seated. She just watched until she heard a voice boom "AND ASTRID TAKES THE GAME!" She assumed that was the name of the blond, as she went around on her Nadder high fiving everyone around the stadium. "A bit full of herself, isn't she" she was answered by Starflight with \_"You can say that twice. I can easily list twelve of the Nadders faults in each flying maneuver"\_ answered the dragon truthfully. They watched in silence as she made her way around the arena. After everyone filed out, that's when Starflight and the girl headed to the sheep nets to see what was up with the whole game thing. Both walked along a beam to the nets as if it where a walk in the park. They were inspecting them when they heard footsteps behind them.

Reacting on the instincts that had kept her intact until now, she automatically ran towards the edge, jumping off with Starflight next to her. They heard a gasp as they pulled up and headed to the cliffs. They landed, the young girl walked to the edge, and sat down, her dragon companion curling up next to her. They heard another set of footsteps, except this time they decided not to react on instinct. "And you are?" She said, her tone as sharp as ever. Let's just say she had never heard a kind voice before, so she only knows how to use a sharp one. Tough life for that kid. "Um.. I'm Hiccup from earlier, and my dad told me to help you get settled into your new house". She rolled her eyes in sync with her dragon. "Fine" saying that he was creeped out by how the girl talked was an understatement. It made him terrified of the girl, just from her voice. The tone said that she was not interested in anything.

She got up, again in sync with Starflight as she walked down the cliff towards the town. She followed Hiccup, and was soon at the house. It was small, but she didn't really care. Hiccup figured now was not the time to figure out her past and left. She entered the house, it was decent size. There was a small hearth, a staircase and a tiny kitchen. She went up the stairs into the bedroom. There was a slab of rock for Starflight to sleep on, and a bed. Gods above. She had never had bed before, she generally slept on the ground. She got the idea of the concept of the term bed, and laid the furs down on it. She but the basket with her clothes in a corner, the money on the bedside table and the journals with the charcoal pencils next to it. She looked around the room. The bed had been pushed into the far corner with a small plain bedside table. The slab was in front, nod the rest of it was empty. That meant two thirds of the room. Not the she'll need it. Above the bed was a large window that had probably been used for dragon entrance and exit. She jumped onto the bed, placing both hands on the frame of the window, and vaulted herself over. She landed onto the ground on her foot, despite the fact that she had just lost a foot.

She wandered over to what she assumed was the mead hall and Starflight followed right behind. She got a couple stares form people, but she grabbed a plate and a cup and sat in a far corner that was in the shade. Starflight curled up around the girl, and went to sleep. She ate in silence until the blond from earlier came up. "Hi" she said, trying to be friendly "Your Astrid, correct?" The girl asked, which had been more of a statement then a question with the sharp tone she always used. The tone of her voice actually made Astrid flinch. She nodded. "What's her name and your name?" Astrid

asked curiously. The girl shivered a bit. "Her name is Starflight and I..." She trailed off, not sure if the girl could be trusted. At least she didn't look like a squealer. She sighed "I don't have a name" she answered, darker than usual. She was now looking down, not sure if the girl knew what she meant. "Wh..What?" She asked, confused. Starflight was now awake and standing by the girls side "I don't have a God Damned name okay?" She snapped, before walking out. Her mother never bothered to name her, she didn't think she was worth it.

Back at the hall, Astrid stared after the girl, shocked. Hiccup walked up and sat down next to her. "What happened?" Was the only thing out of his mouth. She shook her head slightly to clear it "The Night Fury has a name, it's Starflight, but the girl..." She trailed off for a second, but the look on Hiccup's face made her continue "The girl doesn't have a name" both were now equally shocked. She was probably the only one to have been on Berk, or anyone they had met for that matter, who didn't have a name.

The next time the girl came to the mead hall, Hiccup and Astrid caught her. "If you don't have a name, then what do you go by?" Hiccup asked her curious. The girl was thinking about if they needed to know more, but by the looks of it, they wouldn't stop until she had spilled the beans. "I go by Girl, Brat, Nuisance, Waste of Space, Useless, Dragon Lover" and the next couple of ones were so dark, with some very colourful (curses if ya don't know what I meant dummy) words put in. The girl glared at them for making her have to spill her past. The other two were shocked. Not even Hiccup had been called anything that bad when he was tormented. Astrid let the wrong words slip out of her mouth. "Why?" She asked her quietly. She spat on the ground to the side, before answering. "If you really want to know, sit down, it's a long story, and I would be surprised if you don't throw up during it" Hiccup and Astrid exchanged glances, already starting to think that they would regret this..

Three hours later, they were staring at the girl, who was still glaring at them, for the story they had just been threw. Hiccup gulped. "How badly were you treated?" He asked even though he was sure he didn't want to know. "Is my face and my leg enough for you?" She snapped back at him. Wow... Her life was bad... "Now leave me alone, I'm not answering anymore questions for today, you've annoyed me enough as it is" she told them blankly before walking out. She headed back to her new house, where both settled in for the night. She was jolted awake the next morning by someone knocking on the door. She had learned being a light sleeper was helpful with an abusive mother. She went downstairs and answered the door. The group of teens were there, Hiccup at the front. "Um... We were wondering if you wanted to come flying with us?" He asked, unsure. She rolled her eyes. "Why not, got nothing better to do anyway" and on cue, Starflight jumped out the large window and landed at her side. She mounted Starflight "Are you comin or not?" She asked.

They all mounted dragons and took off into the air. "Okay everybody, we are each going to show off some tricks that we know how to do, and it's basically a best tricks competition" stated Hiccup, once they were over the ocean. (A/N this goes how the first episode of the TV show goes until Hiccup and the girl are left) "Well, looks like we got our work cut out for us there bud?" Hiccup told Toothless before they took off. A classic dive with wing suit. 'Intresting' thought the girl 'I'll have to remember that one'. Once Hiccup landed back on

the sea stack, everyone looked at them expectantly. They took off, a slow start, turning upside down in the air, and racing down sea stack, pulling up at the last minute. They pulled up at the last minute, causing water to chase after them. The girl pushed herself back in the saddle, now lying stomach down with her legs behind her on the dragons back. The weaved through the Thunderdrum wings, and at the last one, the girl pulled herself up, guiding the dragon into a spin threw the wing, immediately pulling up into the clouds. They did a bottle spin, before letting the earth take them as they were pulled back down.

Starflight pulled her wings as the ocean came into view, the speed flaring them and pushed them back up. They did a flip similar to when they took off, then falling out of control towards the ocean, they rightened themselves, flying through the waves. Then, they came up to an arch. The girl stood up on Starflights back, getting ready, then then jumped up, running across the arch, Starflight underneath. She jumped off, Starflight catching her at perfect timing, spinning up before heading back. They all stared. "What?" She asked, confused. "You're the first one to ever beat Hiccup in flying" said Fishlegs quietly. "Okay then, how long have you two been flying?" She asked them. "Fours years" he answered. "Well me and Starflight have known each other since we were four. No one cared for me back then. So I turned to the enemy to be my friend. Don't ask what goes through my head at this point in my life" she told them "Very dark things go through my mind. When you enter, will never be the same again". She stared at them blankly while they stared at her in shock. "If you knew my past" she almost snarled "you would consider Hiccup to be the luckiest guy on earth when he was ridiculed. I have a dark past. And if you had the same, you would end up. Just. Like. Me. So if you want to know that bad, meet me in the hall today at lunch" she said. She had just literally threatened them with a story. Her past.

## 2. Chapter 2

\*\*Okay, I hope you all liked the first chapter, and yes, the girl had quite a dark past. But is she telling the truth?\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>She ignored the stares she got as she headed back to her house. She was mumbling obscene curses under her breath about her past. She assumed the stares where from the state of her clothes, cause you had to admit that it was pretty odd to wear something that battered and torn. She entered her house, wondering why it had to be her of all people to get that life. Figuring that she needed to get her mind off of her past, she grabbed a charcoal pencil and a journal and headed up to the roof. Sitting on the top, she just sat there, just drawing that entire day. Until She saw a new ship dock at port. The girl decided to check it out, so her and Starflight headed down to the docks. It was a ship from the girls old tribe. Her mother and six other people where there looking for her. As soon as they caught sight of the girl, one man captured Starflight in bolas while the girls mother stomped up to her.<p>

She grabbed the girl by her arm and threw her into the wall against the bridge of the walkway. She had a whip in hand. The girl had already curled into a ball, trying to cover as much as she could. The woman lashed. The girl winced. She lashed, and lashed again. Everyone

around there watched the scene in shock. The teens were the most surprised. She did say her mind was a dark place, but not this dark. The girl was now bleeding quite heavily, and no one decided to interfere, they were too shocked. Hurting a minor in barbarian culture got you banished from the tribe, so all were very shocked from the mother's behavior. You could now tell the girl was crying, her shoulders shook heavily and her chest heaved.

This continued for another five minutes until someone cut in. Astrid had walked down and shoved the mother over the bridge into the ocean. "You okay there?" She asked the girl, feeling truly bad for her situation. She didn't even answer, just sat there crying. Everyone stared at the girl. She slowly got up herself and hobbled over to Starflight where she took out her dagger and cut her free of the bolas. She got herself up, shaking the dust off, and growled at everyone. She had the girl lean on her head for support as they hobbled home. Hiccup was the first to speak "Do I even want to know what just happened?" No one answered, just stared between the path taken by the minor and the mother pulling herself out of the ocean. The mother grumbled something and they left. People slowly dispersed and went home.

Only the teens were left, and they looked at each other and nodded. They knew what they were going to do. They headed over to the girl's house, and knocked on the door. Silence. They knocked again. Silence. Looking at each other, they opened the door. Nothing was in the first floor, so they headed upstairs. There was a scent of blood coming from a fur in the corner. Hiccup walked forward, and peeled the fur back. The girl was curled up in a ball, shaking like a leaf. "P-p-please d-don't hurt m-m-m-me". The girl was stuttering, and she didn't even have a trace of sharpness in her voice. She slowly looked up to find Hiccup and the others standing there. "Is sh-she g-g-gone?" She asked. Astrid nodded. The girl got up, shakily. "I can't stay here. She knows where I am, so I need to move". The girl had lost her stutter and the sharpness returned as soon as she knew her mother was gone. She was going to walk out of the room when Astrid walked forward and touched her shoulder. The girl instantly turned around, dagger drawn and pressed to her throat. "Don't touch me. After all I've been through in life, did you really think that I would trust you that easily? I have never trusted anyone. So I don't think I'm going to start now" she drew her dagger away from Astrid's throat, and sat down on the bed, head in hands.

"I don't know what to do. She's gonna follow me wherever I go and I can't keep running forever. I could stay here, and hide when she next comes, or I could just go back". Hiccup walked forward and crouched in front of the girl. "You don't have to leave. You can stay here and we will do everything to keep you from getting tortured again". It was a reasonable attempt at comforting the girl. "Would you mind if I told you guys a little more about my self?" The girl wanted someone to open up to, and now she thought that maybe these ones could be trusted. The teens nodded. "That was my mother, and she was the one who beat my leg to a pulp. Two years ago she actually went so far in torturing me that I did this" she said, rolling down her collar. The group gasped. There was a long white scar around her neck "The only reason I'm still here is because Starflight talked me out of it. \*sniff\* I was ten at the time, and now I'm twelve. My birthday is in two days. I took care of myself since I was two, and I made money from working at the tailors shop. I worked there as much as I could to stay away from my mother so I ended up earning this" the girl

continued, opening the money pouch and pouring it into her hand. They gasped again. In her hand, were twelve flawless pure gold nuggets. Worth a small fortune, and she put them back "My mother stole eight of what I earned I used to have twenty, so I've been keeping the family out of debt. When I was seven, she tossed my baby brother into the ocean because he was crying to much. He died of drowning. And..." She trailed off, thinking wether or not she could tell them the truth "I do actually have a name" she finished. "But it wasn't given to me by my mother. It was given to me by the pack of Night Furies I grew up with" another gasp. A pack of Night Furies? "They named me... Um..." She trailed off again, looking at their faces. "My name is"

**\*\*HAHAHAHAHAHAHA IM SO CRUEL! OF COURSE YOUR GONNA TRACK ME DOWN AND KILL ME FOR THAT MWAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!\*\***

### 3. Chapter 3

**\*\*Okay, I'm sorry I made you wait, but here, is her name. The moment you've all been waiting for, the odd girls name!\*\***

\* \* \*

><p>"My name is Night" the girl finished. Sure, it was an odd name, but at least they had something to call her by. The group nodded and left, taking the hint that the girl wanted to be alone. Hiccup headed home, deeply troubled by the girls past. "Dad? Can I tell you something?" Hiccup said when he got homes his father nodded to show he was listening. "We just found out more about that girl. The woman who beat her was her mother, and she was the one who beat her leg so much that we had to amputate it. Two years ago, she apparently tried to end her life with a cut to her neck, and the proof is in the scar. She was 'talked' out of it by her dragon, Starflight and apparently she is twelve, and her birthday is in two days. She made a living from working at a tailor stall and made twenty pure gold, flawless nuggets, but eight where stolen by her mother. She kept her family out of debt, she had a baby brother once, but apparently her mother threw him into the ocean because he was crying and he downed. And she does apparently have a name, but it was given to her by a pack of Night Furies, not her mother since her mom didn't think she was worth it. Her name is Night". Hiccup finished, and looked up at his father, who was staring at his son in shock. He couldn't comprehend someone who would still be alive if they had a past that dark.<p>

"And" he continued "the scars on her face, legs and hands are from whip beatings, and she no longer trusts many people. She only trusts me and the group, and her dragon. Starflight, I'm not so sure she trusts anybody. She growls at anyone who tries to get near her". Bigger shock in the stare. "Well" his father started "we might as well invite her to the Freya's day Friday festival that's on her birthday" Hiccup nodded, and left the house to go tell Night. He arrived at the small house. He knocked on the door. He heard a crash from inside the house and she opened the door. None of the blood was there anymore, and there were fresh scars in place of the cuts. He stared, she answered "Dragon saliva has healing powers incase if you didn't notice. So what did you need?" He shook of the shock "My dad was wondering if you want to come to the Freya's day Friday feast on your birthday?" She nodded, acknowledging the fact "And if your coming, I would recommend getting a dress of some sort that's in good

condition" another nod. She started to close the door. "By the way, Night?" She stopped and flinched, no one had called her by that in a long time. "Yes?" He opened the door a bit so he could see her face "It doesn't kill you to tell someone".

After Hiccup left, Night stared at the hearth, trying to come up with an idea for the dress. Then it came to her. Two days later, it was the feast. The teens stood around, chatting, and waiting for Night to show up. Then Hiccup spotted the hall door opening a bit. He notified the other teens who turned to look as her head looked around through the doors (those yellow eyes do stare into your soul), and entered. The group gasped. She looked beautiful. She wore a strapless dress the was ice blue on the top and faded into mint green as it went down. It was a loose dress, that went down to just above her ankle. She wore a single black boot, and her fake foot had been polished. She wore small mint green gloves to cover her arms, up to her elbows, and they guessed to hide some of the scars. She had lined her eyes with coal to make herself look better, and had some juice of squeezed raspberries on her lips. She had dried flower dust on her cheeks to act as blush, which made them a light pink against her light skin. She pulled her hair into a French braid along both sides, and they ended in a complex goddess bun. The one other thing that caught the groups eye, was a complex birthmark on her left shoulder. It was similar to a moon design, and if you looked closely, it had a white dragon in the shape of Night Fury there. She was obviously nervous. The group continued to stare.

She made her way over, and stopped in front of the group. "Is this good?" She asked, probably nervous that she hadn't done a good job. Only Astrid spoke, since everyone else stared. "You did amazing Night" she said, holding the girls hands, crouched down to her level. And for the first time ever in her life, the girl smiled.

**\*\*HAPPY TIME!** Okay, so this is a short chapter, but I thought it was time that we put something happy in, don't ya think**\*\*?**

#### 4. Chapter 4

**\*\*Got nothin to say, sorry\*\***

\* \* \*

><p>The girl smiled for the first time ever, and it actually made her look better. She was proud that for once in her life, she had done something right. Starflight came in after her. She bounded up to her side, she had no saddle on, and she had probably been scrubbed until her scales shined. The group was amazed at the effort put in by the girl. They invited her to come over to their table, and she came, still wearing the large grin on her face. To say that Starflight was happy to see her rider smile at last was an understatement. She was over the moon. A couple people turned and stared at the two, since no one had ever put out so much effort for a feast.<p>

She was happy at last, for the first time ever. Hiccup and Astrid sat together, Fishlegs and Ruffnut, and Snotlout with Tuffnut, since the two were arguing over something stupid. She ate her food in peace, while Starflight bounded over to the dragons feeding station. Night finished her food, and while the others talked, she drew out her necklace. It was the only thing she had left of her father. The



tailor had wanted her to have it, since the two had been friends and the tailor was the only one who liked her. Her father had died before she was born, so she grew up fatherless and her mother remarried, had her younger brother, her other father died her brother thrown into the ocean and drowned... She squeezed her eyes shut, trying to keep herself from thinking about it. She put the back down on her chest, and before she knew it, everyone was dancing. Even the dragons danced together. Only Night and Starflight were left. The only two not dancing. They watched all the happy couples for a while, and then headed home. She took off the gloves she was wearing and started cleaning up the fabrics and pins everywhere that she had used to make the dress.

She finished cleaning up, and changed out her dress for her normal clothes, and the one boot for her old brown one. Starflight spoke up from the slab she was on. "You know, you work way too hard for your own good. I had a great time and all, but next time, be sure to tell the difference between stunning and decent" she had picked up humor and sarcasm from the trip in Berk, while the sharp tone in Night's voice had faded a bit. Still noticeably sharp, but faded. Her voice had picked up humor and sarcasm as well, but the Irish accent made Hiccup's sound American. "Yeah, but I had nothing better to do but work on that dress". They slept in peace that night. Both woke the next morning, better rested than they had been in years.

End  
file.